hunters walk an onerous path

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by doctormissy

Summary

“It’s a Wendigo. I’m sure of it,” shouted Will Graham with absolute certainty as the door of their motel room opened for his partner to come in. Hannibal has been out, searching for answers and questioning possible witnesses of recent unfortunate incidents. It was easy when one had a partner who used to work for the FBI.

AKA, Will Graham and Hannibal Lecter are two hunters who hunt monsters and live together.

Notes

Written for #ThePumpkinIsPeople, Hannibal Cre-ate-ive's Halloween event. This would be understandable better if you knew the show Supernatural, but it's not necessary.

See the end of the work for more notes

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There were three mysterious and very suspicious disappearances in the city of Mills River, North Carolina. Two men and a woman have vanished in the course of one week, all of them around midnight, and all of them happened to be found near the forests. No body has been found – at least until today when the police discovered one of the missing men at the river. He was missing a leg and a few internal organs. They were brutally torn out with what looked as claws of a beast – which was, of course, a reason why the police labelled the case as a series of animal attacks and let the investigation be temporarily closed.

And that was the right moment for the FBI – or rather hunters disguised as federal agents – to intervene and take over the case, for from what it had looked like, they were clearly able to distinguish it most definitely hadn’t been an animal’s doing. And it was their job to find out the real killer and make them pay.

“Wendigo? It didn’t seem as a Wendigo to me, I saw the body at the morgue. They eat their victims whole, there never are bodies,” he replied matter-of-factly, rejecting Will’s theory without asking for further details of why had assumed so or where had he come to the conclusion in the first place. He closed and locked the door and strode towards his partner stretched out on the bed prone, with laptop and two books in front of him. There was a pistol on the nightstand, just in case someone – or something – had decided to pay them a visit.

“Yes, according to what we’ve seen so far, but I did some research, and many of the sites concur with the belief that, um, when the mating cycle comes, male Wendigos take down their prey so as to offer parts of it to their chosen females as gifts, offerings. And now listen: that happens once in five years, and guess when there were sightings of identical ‘animal’ attacks?” Will looked up at Hannibal and raised his eyebrows.

“In 2011?”

“Exactly. Besides, it couldn’t very well be a werewolf, it’s Halloween, not a full moon,” pointed Will. He rolled on his back and sat up to make space for Hannibal to sit on; Will still needed insight from someone with decades of hunting experience.

“And the man was not missing a heart.” Hannibal took off his expensive coat that was a part of his disguise and hung it on a peg.

“Yeah, that too,” the younger man cocked his head in acknowledgement. He patted the mattress next to him as an invitation and put the laptop in his lap. “Now come here, love, we only have a few hours before the sky grows dark and the hunt begins.”

Hannibal took off his jacket too and tossed it on a chair standing by the wall. He sat down, close to his partner in both hunting and life, planted a soft kiss on the man’s lips and took one

of the books. It was open on a page about the Native American tale about Wendigos – and how to kill the direful creatures.

End Notes

In case you do know SPN, I hope you'll forgive me for altering the Wendigo tale... and if you want more of this AU, let me know. I might continue. IDK.

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